

The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this foreagonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets wr te of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not belecue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Broken burie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnselfe imagination,
They often feeble a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

of Richard the third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake wite Clarence, and I came hither.

Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft?

Exe. O sir, it is better be brieft then tedious,
Shew him our commission talke no more.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe:
He to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exe. Do so, it is a poynt of wisdome.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement.

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bin
A kinde of remorse in me.

1. What, art thou a fraid?

2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to
For killing him, from which no warrant can defende.

1. Backe to the Duke of Gloster, tell him so.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy hurs
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one word.

1. How dost thou feele thy selfe now?

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are left.

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will enteraine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

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